Strawberry Jello

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Strawberry Jello

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will is a cop, shot in the line of duty. Hannibal is his surgeon. This would be the perfect set up for romance if they didn't happen to both be Alphas...

Notes

A parallel series to ABO Spacedogs - Welcome To California

Chapter 1

“I can’t believe he fucking shot me.” The words came out of Officer Will Graham with such force that he didn’t realise he was shouting.

“Please, sir… lay back. I need to apply the dressing…” The beta paramedic was definitely losing his cool and all Will could do was look at his partner Eloise Jackson. She had a huge fucking grin on her face.

“He shot me in my stab wound!” He bellowed, which just made her grin further. He struggled again as the paramedic tried to settle him back onto the gurney. He was already in the back of the ambulance, but indignation was burning through him so hot that he just wanted to tear someone’s throat out. Preferably that of one Reggie Smith - regular trouble-maker-come-junkie - who had just fucking shot him.

“I told you Graham, if you were going to go in all heavy like that he was going to get edgy. He’s tweaking like there’s no tomorrow and had a gun handy… what did you think was going to happen.” Eloise was actually laughing the words out. “Would you just stop being a pain in the ass and let them get you to the hospital already. You can get sewn up in time to turn the key in Smith’s cell personally.” She did the paramedic the favour of slamming the rear doors shut, laughing the whole time.

Will had a good thing with Eloise - they worked well as partners, were good enough friends out of work without being so close that it was a conflict of interests. He liked her banter, he didn’t even mind when she took the piss out of him. But he could have done without it today.

He had a letter in his back pocket that he hadn’t opened yet, but he didn’t need to to know what it said - another rejection letter for detective training. Everyone seemed to agree that he had the skills to make a fine detective, but the tests told the other story - mentally unstable, emotionally damaged, sporadic attitude problems. And frankly no one liked an Alpha on the force with attitude problems, much less the rest of the package. Given that the majority of the population was beta, and despite a lot alphas being police or armed services as it played to all their strengths, they were still proportionally small in number. Usually alphas rose quickly through the ranks, those that were at Will’s precinct were pretty high up. The only other beat cop was Kinnicky and he was a rookie well on his way to promotion already. It was fucking embarrassing to be an alpha *and* a 30 year old beat cop. He had hoped that when he transferred to Baltimore from New Orleans five years earlier it would be a fresh start. But records travel with you, and all it meant was that he was now a beat cop with a change of scenery and much thicker fucking jumpers.

That was why he liked Eloise. She was an odd ball herself - married to an omega which was about as out there as it got for their work circle of traditionalists - who firmly believed omegas should be reserved for the alphas thank you very much. Not that Will, even as an alpha, held much to that. Some would describe him as “modern”, but that was often used as a dirty word by traditionalists who really meant “wrong”. Oh how little they knew!

Fact was Eloise had to put up with almost as much shit as Will half the time, which was oddly comforting. Having betas mock you for not making detective with pretty much a decade behind you was pretty fucking low.

The letter felt like it was burning a hole in his pocket right through to his soul. What was the point in carrying on if he was never going to get that promotion? He loved the job, but could he really be a beat cop for the rest of his life?

He'd finally reclined now and the ambulance was moving. The paramedic was applying a temporary dressing and muttering something about having a surgeon take a look when they got to the ER - the bullet was stuck in his shoulder.

At the hospital Will had calmed down enough to stop being quite as big a pain in everyone's collective ass, but was his usual surly self. The paramedics installed him in a cubicle and someone hooked him up to another dose of pain meds and he started to drift off.

He was skirting the edge of some kind of dreamless haze when a voice brought him back.

"Whu…?" Will felt his eyes rolling in his head and managed to right them and try to focus.

"I said, that we'll have you fixed up in no time officer." The voice was smooth, like velvet dragging over his skin but with a mocking edge he knew too well. It was the tone he usually got from other alphas when they realised he was nothing more than a beat cop - that despite his genes he'd amounted to nothing in his 30 wasted years. This was something that Will had found increasingly difficult to deal with considering his proclivities. He was pretty sure he was going to end up a lonely old man surrounded by dogs - he'd already started the collection. But few alphas wanted other alphas, and so far none had wanted damaged, unsuccessful, strange Will Graham.

"Right." Was the only surly response that Will could manage, automatically going to defensive. Though his contact lenses were dry, his vision had cleared enough that he could see the alpha in front of him. And fuck, the guy could be a goddam model! Sharp cheekbones, mesmerising lips, a light dusting of stubble that betrayed the length of his duty shift. Just the kind of guy Will could have gone for - in his dreams. He scoffed at the thought of grabbing the interest of an alpha like that.

And then he realised he'd made the scoffing noise aloud and the ER doctor was looking at him with a raised eyebrow and a tweaked lip.

"Something amusing officer?"

Will cleared his throat and started to straighten himself up in the bed. "Oh, um, no…" As he put his arm out to hoist himself up a little he was very sharply reminded of the injury to his shoulder. The doctor obviously saw him making the move and was suddenly there supporting him and easing him back on the bed.

"You're going to need to take it easy. The bullet is still in there, I've come to discuss your surgery. I have you on my schedule for the morning."

Will could only nod. And he was surprised he could do that because this whole conversation took place with the doctor leaning incredibly close to him, his hands on his arms where he had just steadied him. Fingers gently holding his biceps, moving ever so slightly over them. Or did he imagine that. He wasn't as well built as some alpha's, he was lithe and wiry, but he had good muscle tone - as the doctor seemed to be discovering. He must totally be imagining this. He let out a shaky breath and the doctor let go of him and straightened up.

Other than that same tweak of the lips there was nothing in the doctor's face that was readable to Will one way or the other. Will was sure he must be imagining it, and was trying hard to convince his cock of that as he felt it stirring. Damn! He had such a thing for good smelling alphas, and the doctor was possibly the most gorgeous smelling creature he had ever been near. Earthy and musky, a strong scent even under the layers of soap and disinfectant.

He must have drifted again - concentrating really hard on not pressing the heel of his hand to his cock - because the doctor was speaking again.

"Officer Graham… this is important. Do you need more pain medication, I need you to sign the consent before we can operate. Do you understand?"

"What? Yes, of course…. Of course I do." Will felt somewhere between offended and embarrassed and couldn't bite back the gruffness of his tone.

"Right then. I'll have you under me in the morning and we'll dig that bullet out." The doctor smiled at him.

Will felt something trip over inside him. "What?" *Under him?*was that a pun. A promise? Wishful thinking on Will's part for sure.

The doctor continued smiling as though he had no clue what Will was talking about - and yet there was a glint of humour in his eyes, a slight crinkle at the edges. Will had the distinct feeling he was being toyed with.

"The bullet." The doctor reiterated. "It hit scar tissue, an old stabbing injury I believe. It's buried in there so I'm going to have to dig it out and stitch you up. We'll get you some rehab arranged as that is going to affect your mobility for a while."

"Ok…" Will had raised eyebrows, a little bit of mental whiplash. It felt like they were going from one conversation to a very different other conversation. He must totally be imagining it - he had never been the best with social cues - but the doctor's expression. Was he… flirting?

Will slumped back into his pillows with a sigh. "I think I may have had too much medication…" because that was the only thing that would account for this. Successful, handsome alphas - and he would bet good money this alpha was pretty thoroughbred - were not interested in unsuccessful, loser cops, especially ones who happened to also be alphas. Will chuckled darkly.

"Is there something wrong Officer Gr-"

Will cut him off. “Please… please…” he held up the hand of his good arm, in frustration. As was his way, this sustained conversation that Will didn’t completely understand was getting to him. Time for surly Will. “... Can you just call me Will.” He didn’t add *because I really hate being reminded I’m only an officer. Still only an officer.*

The doctor smiled, but gently now. “Of course, Will. You can call me Hannibal -”

“Shit.” Will felt like an asshole, he didn’t even catch what the doctor’s name had been. “Is that appropriate… shouldn’t I call you Doctor…?”

A teasing smile now. Teasing! He was sure he wasn’t imagining that. “If you would prefer, Doctor Lecter is fine…” He purred his name and there was something in the way that whole sentence played out that put Will in mind of roleplaying - he could totally imagine himself calling this man doctor in a less than professional capacity. His cock seemed to agree and he was grateful for the thick hospital blanket that was ruffled in the right places.

“Now, get your rest. Please use the call button if you need more pain medication. You’ll be wheeled down to my OR bright and early.” a soft smile turning into what he could only describe as a sly grin. “I look forward to having you on my table Will.”

“What?!” Will’s mouth was dry and his balls suddenly ached. He wasn’t sure if the doctor had heard him, but either way he had started off out of the cubicle, turning only to flash that grin once more.

Will stared at the empty space for a moment and then to the drip he was attached to - pain meds mixed. What was this shit they had him on, because he was pretty sure none of that had just actually happened. There was no way in hell Will Graham was getting hit on by Doctor Hannibal Lecter.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

> Will's surgery goes well so his main concern is whether he embarrassed himself in front of the hot doctor.Not that it matters, not like they'll ever see each other again...

Doctor Hannibal Lecter couldn’t help the amused grin on his face as he scrubbed up for his first surgery of the day. Should be pretty routine - easy enough to remove a bullet. The surgery would be as easy as the patient was on the eye - he chuckled inwardly at his little joke.

Will Graham had a certain rustic charm - a close clipped beard that framed soft lips, hair obviously curly but cut to the point that the curl was barely there. He was a pleasing combination of boyish good looks and outdoor manliness. And Hannibal found it pleasing indeed! There was something woodsman to him, certainly to his scent which reminded Hannibal of a summer’s day in a forest grove, perhaps at the edge of a lake. He could easily imagine the police officer spending his down time fishing or hiking… or chopping up wood, shirtless. It was all so very appealing.

What was even more appealing was that Hannibal had seen Will Graham before, though evidently Will Graham had not seen him or did not recognise him. It had been several months ago. But he was completely certain he had seen the man he knew now to be Will Graham, at singles night at the Double Knot - a vaguely nautical themed establishment with suitable knotted rope logo. DK was one of exactly three SSG bars in Baltimore, which actually wasn’t that bad considering Same Secondary Gender establishments had been pretty much underground until the last decade. Three was positively a plethora. They were all in the same neighbourhood and although all three were welcoming to all orientations DK was primarily an alpha/alpha place which was reflected in their singles night.

From what Hannibal could remember, Will had been quite popular up to a point. There was no denying that Will Graham was an attractive man and most definitely had a lot of attention early on - and yet attention gradually died off and word was quick to go around that he was rude and surly. Will, or as Hannibal had named him in his head at the time - Mr Lumberjack - for the plaid flannel he was wearing - to a bar! on singles night! - most likely went home alone that night. Hannibal had found it amusing and might have approached Mr Lumberjack himself had he not already met another alpha that night. Of course, that had only been a one night thing in the end and turned out to be hardly worth missing the chance to talk with the man so intriguing as to wear flannel to a bar. On singles night!

The point was that now he had him back in his sights Hannibal had the advantage, it seemed, of knowing something possibly very personal about Will Graham. And he was not above

exploiting it for his own amusement, because watching Mr Lumberjack squirm and blush and become many different kinds of flustered was something he was sure he could quite enjoy.

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Will was barely awake when they wheeled him down to the OR and knocked him out. He didn't remember anything until he started to come around in recovery. Now was the boring part - he remembered from when he was stabbed… in the same fucking shoulder. He hoped the damage wasn't going to be too severe, joints are a bitch to heal especially in an active job. Now came the sitting around, the lack of exercise, the terrible food. Last time he'd thrown up after some of the strawberry jello and the nurse said it was a reaction to his pain meds, not the food. Will agreed to disagree.

He was drifting in and out, propped up in the bed, when that voice appeared again. Where *was* that accent from?

"Officer Graham… Will, I hope you're comfortable."

Will opened his eyes and saw a blur. No contacts. No glasses He started to look around but realised none of his belongings were with him, they were in his room. So, he had to squint at Doctor Lecter. Yes, Will Graham was such a catch - less than physically perfect on top of everything else. He had started out wearing glasses as a sort of defense mechanism - giving him something to hide behind. But when his eyesight had actually started to fail he knew it was just his luck - he hadn't been even thirty at the time and his eyes were failing him. Some fucking alpha!

"Are you ok?" The doctor asked, stepping forward, which at least allowed Will to see him.

"Glasses…" Will said with a wave of his hand in front of his face, many levels of self-conscious.

"Oh, I see." Will was pretty sure he did not just imagine the doctor move closer still. And was there a smirk on the doctor's face? No, couldn't be. Lecter was now right at his side, so close that it was easy to pick up his scent again, and damn did he not need that.

It was probably alpha scents that first made Will realise he wasn't like other alphas. Puberty had hit and the few omegas at his school were starting to develop their scent, though it would be some time until they went into heat. It did absolutely nothing for Will. The handful of alphas were always kept a close eye on, to make sure they didn't pester the omegas. At that age it was almost innocent - just being drawn to the scent without knowing why. It made for a great deal of teenage angst. Except Will's angst was entirely different. Omega scent was nothing to him and he was just as uninterested when he first caught the scent of an omega in pre-heat. But the scent of an alpha… he could still remember the first time he caught the scent of Tomas Kowalski. And oh man, an alpha in rut was beyond intoxicating! Though he didn't experience that pleasure until, what he considered, his sexual awakening at college. When he finally worked out what was going on.

So, to say he was sensitive to the scent of an alpha would be an understatement, but he could count on three fingers the number whose smell made him react so strongly it was a wonder

he didn't go into a rut. Number three appeared to be doctor Lecter.

He desperately wanted to ask the doctor to back up a bit, or rip his clothes off. He wasn't sure which he would prefer at this stage - not least because he was recovering from surgery and mussed from the meds - so he remained quiet.

"You'll be pleased to hear the surgery went well, I'm expecting you to recover very quickly. Though of course you will need to take some time off work to recover. One of my colleagues will discuss discharge and rehabilitation with you."

"Oh… Do I have to stay in long?" Will asked and then had to swallow, his dry throat was aching. Honestly if he didn't know he was just being paranoid he'd think the doctor was deliberately wafting pheromones his way. He could feel heat rising up his neck and flushing his cheeks.

"From a surgery point of view we're done with you, but my colleagues will discuss the aftercare. You're out of *my* hands now, Will."

Damn! The way he drawled that, emphasising the fact that he'd had Will in his hands. Will couldn't help but steal a look down at the hands that actually rested almost within good visual on the railing of the bed. The fingers of a surgeon or a pianist. Will wondered if Lecter played an instrument… wondered what it would be like to be played like an instrument…

An involuntary shiver. "These meds… ugh, they…"

He was sure the doctor was smiling now. "Yes, they do tend to make one a little fuzzy. It will pass - perhaps you should sleep, Will." Lecter rested a hand on his good shoulder and gave it a squeeze. The heat of the palm burning through to Will's core.

From somewhere a nurse had appeared beside the bed and was fiddling with his IV, more meds?

Maybe that was it, it was the meds. All this was just a fuzzy haze and hopefully he wasn't embarrassing himself too much in front of the hot doctor. He looked up at Lecter who grinned at him and Will hoped he hadn't said that out loud. He went to ask something - about the meds, or something… He was getting hazy. All he finally managed was a slurred "I really hate the fucking strawberry jello."

When Will came around he was back in his room and a health care assistant was placing a tray in front of him. Goddam strawberry jello. Despite the vomiting episode, he'd practically been forced to live off the stuff when he was recovering from his stab wound, of course his jaw had been cracked at the time too. Between that and the alpha doctor who, intentionally or not, was sending delightful shocks through him at each encounter, Will was just about ready to leave. At least he was reassured that with his surgery done he was unlikely to see Dr Lecter ever again.

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Hannibal waited until Will had completely drifted off before he left. And yet he had lingered for a short while. Watching the flustered alpha squirm had been delicious and surprisingly arousing. Hannibal enjoyed the power play that often went with sleeping with other alphas, the struggle for dominance that he always won. He had always been attracted to alphas as long as he could remember being physically attracted to anyone. He'd played around with omegas and even betas but there wasn't the connection there he had with alphas. There wasn't the same intense level of arousal. And most of all there wasn't the satisfaction he got from dominating another alpha, getting to play with them. He was under no illusion that this was probably what he found the most arousing of all with other alphas.

And so it was a little strange to him how attracted he was to Will Graham who, from all outward appearances, would be easily dominated. Hannibal wasn't sure he'd ever met anyone who could be so dominated as Will - that flush that crept across him, his obvious arousal every time Hannibal pushed him that little bit. How easy it had been to fluster him should have been boring but instead Hannibal kept wondering what else he might do to bring a blush across that beautiful face.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

> Discharged from the hospital, Will seeks solace at Same Secondary Gender Bar- The Double Knot.

Will was so incredibly bored. He was thankful that he hadn't had to spend as long in the hospital this time - although he'd been shot he definitely wasn't as injured as the time he'd gotten stabbed. He'd been a mess then - jaw had to be wired, his wrist was broken and he'd lost a lot of blood from the stab wound. But even so, being off work was not good. It didn't sit well with Will - too much time in his own head.

He'd had a pay out for the stabbing incident - truth was the department had really fucked him over. Decided not to send backup as quickly as they should have - *he's an alpha, he can handle it for now*. Only the perp wasn't the beta they suspected, it was his very aggressive alpha girlfriend. Will had called in for backup before going into the apartment, but she had been quick and the backup hadn't been. The kitchen knife in his shoulder happened almost as soon as he was through the door - she'd been in the process of threatening her boyfriend with it. Being beaten half unconscious once he was on the ground, had been even less fun in all. A kick to his face had broken his jaw and the wrist of the arm he was trying to protect himself with. The department admitted the fuck up and Will was paid off and given his choices - leave the job, transfer, or stick it out with the hatred of the upper ranks whose bonus packets would be a lot lighter thanks to him - as they perceived it. Will chose the transfer, best to start over. Not that it helped all that much - the problems were always going to be there when the majority of your co-workers were betas. Especially the traditional types that were attracted to police work - they had very set ideas on what alphas and omegas were like and what to expect of them. Half the time they were wrong. And yet they were never going to stop assuming that an alpha could do more, be more. And so Will was going to disappoint them as long as he remained an officer.

He looked at the letter on the edge of the counter. Still unopened.

After he was discharged for the gunshot, he'd had a meeting at work, sorted out his leave and was sent home. Not so much as case files to keep him company - they didn't need any help from a beat cop. The whole time the letter had been in his pocket. Just as it had been before he'd been shot - it had been returned to him with his personal effects when he left the hospital. It had jarred him. He'd forgotten all about it.

If there was one thing to come out of the shit-show in New Orleans, it was the cabin in Wolf Trap. In fact, that was what had cinched the deal on where he should transfer. He remembered vaguely going to the area on a fishing holiday with his dad when he was pretty small, maybe not too long after his mum died. It was a weird time for Will, on the cusp of

puberty - dealing with his mother's death but before he started to really suffer with empathy issues. That was when things started to really get difficult. But Wolf Trap was before that and a fond memory. So when Baltimore came up as an option he checked it out, found a small cabin that wasn't really the sort of real estate investment people dreamt of, and bought it with his settlement. It left him having to rent in the city - there was no way he could commute from so far away - but it was worth it. His wages covered the shitty one bed in Baltimore and on days off he had the cabin. Tucked into the woods, nearby stream had great fishing. The quiet and solitude suited him. Only thing that would make it perfect would be a dog or two, but with his work routine that would be pretty impossible even if he moved them between Wolf Trap and Baltimore.

Being at the cabin should have been relaxing. On his days off it always was. But this wasn't his scheduled down time, this was an extended leave of absence due to injury in the line of duty. He was in some pain, not enough to fully restrict him, but even so he found he was just wallowing. If anything coming to the solitude of the cabin had been a mistake. At least in his apartment he would have ended up having passing conversations with the neighbours. And as soon as Mrs White would've found out he was home recovering she'd have brought some kind of pie. Her cooking was terrible - she had arthritis in her hands and found it hard to cook, but she loved to and Will was never going to have the heart to dissuade her. She was an omega and her husband had died years ago from what he could tell. Kids all grown and gone and she was looking for someone to mother. When given half the chance, that someone was Will.

Not that he would ever complain. Sometimes it felt good to know someone looked out for him. His life had been pretty lonely since his dad died. He didn't easily make friends, not least because he wasn't what people thought an alpha should be. He was halfway there - had been all his life. He was physically strong and fit and yet relatively undersized for an alpha. He held down a job that required strength and skill, but failed to progress in it. He imagined many other alphas were as unstable as him, but he struggled to hide it. He wanted to find a true mate and yes, maybe even settle down, but he didn't want an omega.

He was lonely. And sometimes he embraced that, maybe wallowed in it. Maybe he felt comforted by it as the only constant in his life.

He pushed himself to the counter and picked up the envelope. He already knew what it said, because it was always the same and he never even got credit for perseverance. If anything he was derided for it. He ripped the envelope with little care and pulled out the one sheet letter. Like those that had come before.

Sometimes he wallowed in the loneliness, but not today. He couldn't today, with another rejection in his hand. He needed to not be alone and not be rejected.

The drive back to Baltimore was uncomfortable, his own fault really. His shoulder ached. On top of that he had decided to skip going to his apartment first and go straight to the Double Knot to drown his sorrows and see if just maybe he could convince someone to be with him for one night. If he could just not be too much himself long enough to make a connection with someone, even knowing that it would be temporary, it might be enough. Just for now. To that end he had got dressed up in the nicest clothes he had at the cabin - which included an

older pair of jeans that were a little too small for him now. Not so much you would notice until sitting down, and it was a long drive.

By the time he parked in the city - he'd get a taxi back to his apartment later - he had achieved a whole other level of annoyed. He considered going straight to his apartment but couldn't bare to have wasted the time - something else failed. So he forced himself out of the car, to the bar and into the first drink - whiskey, straight. Only once he had downed the drink and asked for another, did he allow himself to take in his surroundings. It wasn't quiet but certainly not as busy as singles nights, for which he was grateful. Part of him wanted to be approached, part of him wanted to do the approaching.

If someone came to him it was flattering, of course, but it made it harder to turn them away if he didn't get a good vibe from them - sometimes they got nasty. He wished he could shut his brain down and just fuck anyone, but he couldn't. He didn't want to look in their eyes and see whatever it was they saw in him - a joke, or a pity fuck, or just plain up curiosity. It was pathetic having to look at that and maybe even turn it down when his options were few, as some had even told him in the past. He wasn't the kind of alpha many other alphas went for. But sometimes being the one to make the approach was even worse - some saw it as a sign that he was a strong alpha if he was willing to make the first move - others laughed in his face. *If I wanted a fucking beta I'd have gone to a straight bar.* How many times had heard that or something similar? Because the sad truth was, with all the bravado and testosterone - and pheromones flying around - some alphas could be absolute pricks.

Thinking about it, Will was starting to consider just going home, knocking on Mrs White's door and inviting himself in for a camomile before bed. And really what did he want? Why was he here? A quick fumble in the toilet? Taking them home for a fuck? Something else? Something more? Unlikely. Will certainly wasn't expecting to find anything meaningful at DK. And did he even want that? Was he really lonely enough to want to someone permanent in his life knowing how hard it would be, for both of them. It was hard enough being an alpha/alpha couple in society, without adding his instability into the equation. He was rude and surly, but usually to gloss over how much he felt, how much he had to hold in. Overactive empathy wasn't usually an issue for alphas, but then Will wasn't the usual alpha.

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Treating Will Graham had put Hannibal in mind of the Double Knot. He hadn't been there in a few weeks thanks to the scheduling of his shifts and several on call emergencies. And so it seemed, on his first Thursday night off in many weeks, as good a time as any to go the bar. Thursdays tended to be pretty easy going as far as he could gauge - close enough to the weekend to draw people in, but not so much as to be terribly busy.

It seemed then like a small slice of fate when he walked into the bar and immediately saw Officer Graham sat at the bar. He was slightly hunched, a defensive stance. Eyes peaking up now and then to weakly look about him. Hannibal felt a pang in his chest and ignored it. Ignored that felt something about this situation, and it wasn't pity. He saw before him a lonely man who was not easy to approach and clearly didn't easily approach others, seeing out his night with a top shelf drink rather than fulfilling what was likely his intention - finding someone to go home with that evening.

Although he ignored the pain, that told him that he wasn't quite the cold hearted man he was often perceived to be, he still made his way to Will Graham. He acknowledged to himself that had it been anyone else not only would he have not gone to them, he would have ignored them - maybe even pretend to forget who they were. Perhaps he was cruel, and he knew he was considered an asshole, but armour came in all kinds.

Hannibal was not a man who easily connected with others. After the death of his parents and sister as a child, he had become the ward of his uncle. A kind man at first, but traditional. He was forbearing but even he could only turn a blind eye to teenage Hannibal's *unhealthy* interest in other alphas for so long - eventually turning him out to fend for himself. By then he was accepted to medical school in the US and he ventured into his adult life with no family to account for. No one to hurt him. He liked it that way and preferred it remain as such. He was more than happy to bed someone and even occasionally allowed them to stay over, but in the morning the dalliance was over and he rarely slept with the same person twice. The occasions that he had was because he truly had not remembered that he'd slept with them the first time. He was lucky then, that he was happy to bed betas - and the infrequent wayward omega - otherwise he would have run out of alphas a while back.

"Good evening Officer." He deliberately used Will's title as he came up beside him at the bar and immediately regretted it for the almost there wince and the tensing of the man. He continued in the hopes of glossing over his accidental upset - he had meant to tease not to offend. "Are you supposed to be drinking whilst on your medication?"

At that Will seemed to take in a shaky breath and then meet his eye for a moment and smile before looking back down into his glass. Clearly not his first.

"I guess I'm not surprised to see you here…" Will said with a little humour, though it sounded almost as though he were laughing at himself.

"No, I suppose you mightn't be. I was pretty sure you picked up on my flirting in the hospital-" and then he was cut off with a bark of laughter and Will's hard glare.

"Flirting? Doctor Lecter, I was in a lot of pain and on a lot of drugs, but in hindsight I would say you were teasing rather than flirting, and quite cruelly." The words were biting and ended with Will knocking back the last of his drink.

Hannibal hadn't expected that. He was rarely called out on his asshole behaviour. Once or twice he'd had a drink thrown in his face, but more often than not either it was put up with or not. No one really said anything to his face, and he had come to believe it was because of his intimidating demeanour. He didn't seem to intimidate Will.

Will was now on his feet and counting out bills to throw on the bar. As he turned to walk off Hannibal grabbed his uninjured arm catching him at first, which earned a glare from Will that had Hannibal withdraw.

"Will, I'm… I apologise if I offended you." Hannibal found he sincerely meant it. "Please would you let me buy you a drink, as an apology?"

*

Will had had no intention of spending the evening with Doctor Lecter. And yet, life did funny things sometimes.

At the Double Knot he had been ready to leave. No one had approached him, not that he blamed them given the increasingly hostile vibe he knew he was unintentionally giving off. And there were none who he might have been interested in early in the evening. And by the time he'd had a few drinks and it was busier, he no longer had the nerve even if he had found any desirable. This happened more often than he cared to admit. How many times did he just end up drunk and alone. Maybe he would care less if he at least had a dog or two for company at home. Sometimes he thought he might even get desperate enough to settle for a cat as a housemate.

When Lecter had appeared beside him it was all he could do not to immediately walk out. As he had gone over the hospital stay in his head he had decided that Lecter had intentionally been trying to wind him up. Not so much flirting, but teasing in a way that felt childish, like - *I know what you are.* A joke at his expense, it felt. So he had long decided the guy was an asshole before he called him Officer Graham at the bar. After being specifically asked not to call him that. In truth he'd wanted to punch the man in the face, and two drinks later he probably would have done, so it would be best all found if he left. But then Lecter had stopped him. Bought him a drink. Began talking. Began laughing.

And what the fuck. The man was an asshole, it was clear - there was something snotty and refined about him but also the way he seemed to think he was the smartest person in any room. The chances were he was correct but it wasn't cool to act like it. A drink later and Will had started to see another side. They had moved from the bar to a booth and he had been surprised when Lecter - Hannibal - had slid in next to him rather than opposite. He maintained a respectful distance, but did lean in towards Will occasionally when they laughed. And he couldn't remember when he had laughed so much, when he had felt so comfortable.

Once they had sat down, Hannibal had asked how things were with his job, but he must have quickly sensed the sore subject and changed it to ask about how Will came to be in Baltimore - his accent didn't seem local - they had joked that Hannibal's didn't either. He wasn't to know that was almost as bad a subject so Will was kind and told him about the cabin in Wolf Trap that had been the deciding factor in moving. Hannibal seemed really to listen, said the quiet sounded lovely - his family had had a cabin in the woods when he was a child. Will felt a burn in his cheeks as Hannibal cut himself off as he had started to say he could come visit sometime. Will would have agreed too.

A couple of drinks later and the button up shirt Hannibal was wearing with his neat slacks, was now a few buttons undone - it was getting hot in the bar. Or was it just them? One thing was for sure, although the doctor was no longer deliberately wafting pheromones his way he was finding himself attracted to the man. He was everything he ever desired in an alpha, what everyone desires in an alpha - strong, accomplished, intelligent. Will was nicely drunk and wanting to lean in for a kiss.

Hannibal was telling some tale about an emergency surgery at the hospital that was amusing - not that they should laugh at such things, but a sword swallower had been practicing for some

reason with a size 9 Chuck Taylor.They had to surgically remove it from his stomach. Will probably found it funnier than he normally would thanks to the alcohol and the euphoria of… *this*. Whatever this was. Will felt suddenly conscious of the whole evening.

“I don’t… I’m not very good with people.” It came out much more like an apology than he had intended.

“Oh I know. I think you’re doing marvelously right now. Certainly better than singles night.” Hannibal let out a low chuckle. Will was sure it wasn’t a laugh at his expense but his face fell anyway.

“You…” His heart sank and he nodded with grim realisation. Another one doing their good deed pity fuck. How could it not be if he’d witnessed him in action at a singles night. Strike out after strike out! He took in a deep breath and let it out with a dark chuckle and a shake of his head. “I see… I get it.” He felt his chest tighten. He’d really started to like this guy, how fucking stupid was he!

With Hannibal between him and a hasty exit from the booth, Will felt suddenly trapped. Slightly panicked thanks to the alcohol now quickly burning through his system. He should have just stayed at the cabin, been satisfied with being alone, because this was going to happen over and over and he couldn’t take it. He felt the small whimpering growl in his chest before it surfaced and didn’t manage to stop it.

“Will?” Hannibal looked confused but must have made some realisation. “Oh, the… I didn’t mean…” He seemed at a loss for words. A look of concern,maybe for Will, maybe that he would leave. Will wondered if it was wishful thinking that Hannibal looked like he didn’t want Will to leave. Perhaps that’s why the doctor leaned in, his lips suddenly on Will’s. He tasted of whisky.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Will goes home with his doctor...

Chapter Notes

This chapter is pretty much pure alpha on alpha smut. You're welcome!

Hannibal wasn't sure how long he kissed Will, his only pressing concern was that Will kissed him back. And back, and back. Within minutes they were frenching like teenagers in the booth and Hannibal found he not only didn't care, he was loving it. He generally liked to keep a haughty air in places like the Double Knot - the aloof doctor. But with Will Graham's lips on his any thoughts on that disappeared from his mind.

He had Will pinned up against the wall at the end of the booth by the time he finally drew back for the small necessity of breathing. They were both panting and the look in Will's eyes - an absolute hunger - went straight to his dick.

"Will… I… I'm sorry, I teased you at the hospital, I saw you here before and thought it would be…" He rushed the words out and then stopped himself short. He didn't really have anything he could say to redeem himself. He'd been an asshole, he knew that and he'd likely do it again because that's who he was. Maybe he'd thought that Will would find it amusing, or wouldn't even notice the teasing? No, neither of those things were true. He was just an asshole. And he was really wishing he hadn't been an asshole to Will Graham.

"Just shut the fuck up and take me home." Will said before kissing him again.

Hannibal didn't need to be told twice. Without breaking the kiss he backed up out of the booth and then they were apart and heading out the door. Hailing a cab.

*

Doctor Lecter's house was like nothing Will had ever seen before. From the outside it was pretty imposing, but inside was something else. If Will hadn't had a few adult beverages then he might not have said "Fuck, doctors must make some serious money." But he had and he did.

Hannibal smiled and answered softly against his lips, because they had barely separated from each other since leaving the bar and through the taxi ride- “Comfortable, but this is family money.”

“Oh.” Will managed before Hannibal kissed him again. Will shrugged it off. What did it matter, he was just here for a, hopefully, nice fuck and that was it. He wasn’t going to get intimidated by this guy who seemed to have about as much of a winning personality as he did, poor bastard. He was still thinking what an asshole Lecter was when he felt a hand stray to his cock for the first time all evening. The action bringing a groan to both of them.

“Impressive.” Hannibal commented as he licked his lips, pulling back from Will.

Will cocked his eyebrow, mirrored Hannibal’s lip licking action and then bit down on his lower lip as he slid his own hand down from Hannibal’s back, over his hip and around to his crotch. Grinning as he said “like wise.”

Hannibal laughed and leaned in to kiss Will again. Will felt a confidence bloom in his chest at the clear arousal he elicited in Hannibal. He wasn’t often confident like this, rarely actually, but it was easier knowing it was a one off, no need to try and impress. No need to try quite as hard to hide his weirdness, he could just relax into it.

“Bedroom?” Will asked between kisses. Their bodies now pressed tight together, Will rocking his hips against Hannibal’s.

“Up...Upstairs…” Hannibal breathed when he could and started trying to manoeuvre them towards the stairs. Will complied and started stripping his t-shirt off as they went, pulling back enough from the kiss to tug it over his head and drop it to the floor.

And then there was a pause and Will felt suddenly self conscious as Hannibal’s eyes roamed over his torso. It couldn’t have been anything Hannibal hadn’t seen whilst operating on him, but maybe in this scenario it made a difference. He had reasonable muscle tone, though not as developed as a lot of alphas and his chest was hairless. Like an omega, he’d been told often. On a few occasions he’d claimed it as a kink - made out that he’d purposely waxed because he enjoyed the feel of it. The pause was continuing a little too long and Will’s breath started to catch in his chest as nerves arose. He was about to pull away altogether when Hannibal placed a hand on Will’s chest, running it down, over his belly to his lower abdomen. Will found himself closing his eyes and savouring the sensation, and then Hannibal’s lips were on him to - his neck, his clavicle, brushing lightly over the wound dressing on his shoulder then back up to just below Will’s ear where he whispered -

“You are beautiful, Will.” Accent heavy and voice thick with lust.

Hannibal’s tone confirmed he was being honest. And what need would he have to lie, Will was already here - this was already going to happen. Will responded by grasping a hand around the back of Hannibal’s neck and pulling him forward until their lips crushed together again. And now Hannibal was pulling him, away from the stairs - which still seemed a marathon away - and towards a door across the hall. Hannibal fiddled with the door knob and finally the door swung open. Hannibal pulled back, reached a hand out and flicked a lightswitch as he pulled Will into the room and found his lips again.

Evidently the bedroom was too far, which Will would readily agree with, and they now found themselves in the moodily lit study. A few paces and they were next to an overstuffed leather chaise. Hannibal turned them and pushed Will down onto the dark leather before he started to unbutton his own shirt. Will Lay back and enjoyed the show, his pulse racing as his eyes drank in the sight before him. Athletically muscular, chest hair that Will could easily imagine rubbing his cheek against - running down his abdomen and disappearing into the trousers that Hannibal was now removing too. His shoes appeared to have been lost somewhere along the way in the corridor. Will let his hand stray into his underwear, taking himself in hand and giving a long, slow stroke, as he watched Hannibal remove his underwear.

His cock *was* indeed impressive and Will moaned at the thought of riding it.

“Damn…” His voice broke a little as he spoke. “I think… I think I need you to fuck me right now Doctor Lecter.”

Hannibal paused for a moment and Will tried to read his expression. Not shock so much as pleasantly surprised. Likely surprised at how forthright Will was about his desires and what those desires were. Will wouldn't describe himself as submissive, but he liked to be topped. And in his experience, even alphas that slept with other alphas didn’t always like to be topped. Will was usually a pleasant surprise to the alphas he’d gone home with, especially when they’d expecting some sort of power struggle over who got to do what to who. Hannibal did not appear to be an exception as his hand went to his erection as though calming it down.

That drew a grin from Will. Before he could make any kind of amusing quip Hannibal was on him. Kisses again, his abused lips now starting to feel punished. When Hannibal pulled back he spoke in a gently commanding tone -

“Right now I’d love you to suck my cock, Will.”

Will grinned. “Only if you’re sure you can get hard again quick enough to give me what I want.” His grin grew as he watched Hannibal practically tremble.

*

When Hannibal had previously considered that Will Graham would be someone easy to dominate, he had not known the man at all. The way the evening was going, Hannibal was going to get exactly what he wanted and how he wanted it, and yet there was none of the usual negotiation needed. If anything it felt like Will was completely in charge of the whole situation - including Hannibal himself.

When Will asked if he’d be able to quickly get hard again so he could fuck him, Hannibal had a hard time registering it. This alpha - beautiful in the way alphas were and in some ways that they weren’t - was asking, perhaps even begging, to be fucked. It had caught Hannibal off guard and certainly made him realise who had the upper hand right now. He considered for a moment how he might get the control back, and then whether he wanted to. He wasn’t one usually to submit to the dominance of another alpha in anything, much less the bedroom, but if Will’s idea of dominating him was to demand Hannibal top him, he was all for it. So much so that it sent a shiver of desire through him that he had never really felt before. He’d

never had an alpha behave like this with him before, he'd never even considered that they might, and now that it was happening he wasn't sure he'd be satisfied any other way in the future.

His breath catching in his throat, he looked at Will and marveled. So perfect.

He was perfect as he grinned, perfect as he pulled Hannibal down to him, perfect as he maneuvered them around on the chaise until he sat atop Hannibal, straddling him at the waist. The height of perfection as he kissed and nuzzled his way down Hannibal's chest and stomach before sinking his perfect mouth onto Hannibal's cock.

Will's mouth was maddeningly warm and wet as he sucked him deep. His tongue moving expertly over Hannibal's cockhead on each draw back. Hannibal's head lolled back and his hips arched up with the sensation of Will's tongue. All too soon the almost tickling feeling in his gut started to swell and his balls drew up.

Hannibal came embarrassingly quickly, but Will seemed amused, even proud of the fact. He certainly had reason to be - it was the best blow job Hannibal could remember getting. Certainly the best of any alphas.

As he lay there panting, Will casually draped himself over him, his state of arousal still evident. That was unusual too - he'd been with very few alphas that were prone to cuddle. But the Will was so far from his usual type. Usually he went for the confident, cock-sure types. The ones who spent a lot of time in the gym and liked to dominate - the ones that were so satisfying to break. And now he had Will Graham nuzzling into his chest, and wanting to be fucked. The idea of it was enough to make Hannibal's cock start to stir anew.

"Really?" Will laughed, a raised eyebrow and impressed tone, as he undoubtedly felt Hannibal harden slightly. He wasn't quite there yet, but it wouldn't be too long. He did have a pretty good refractory period, but Will was also a considerable factor in his recovery it would seem.

Hannibal stretched out, enjoying the feeling of Will pressed against him, and then circled one arm up around him and the other down towards his crotch. As his hand rubbed gently at the material still hiding Will's cock, Will shifted. He was suddenly out of reach and batting Hannibal's hand away.

Before Hannibal could even begin to raise an eyebrow Will grinned -

"No, Doctor… I'm saving myself. I want to cum whilst you're fucking me."

Hannibal managed to bite back the expletives he was about to utter, but not the groan and not the twitch of his dick - which was now most definitely stirring back to life - thank you alpha physiology!

"Should we try and make it to the bedroom now?" Will asked getting up from the chaise, a delightful tent in his pale blue boxers, his tone commanding. Hannibal found himself nodding and automatically rising. Obeying without question for the first time in his life. And yet he

found he was perfectly fine with that. Absolutely content to follow Will as the beautiful young alpha navigated his house.

*

The bedroom had been easy to find, and was yet another impressive room. Will tried to ignore it. All the wealth of the place was intimidating, would be if he let it. But why be intimidated when he would likely never see the man again. Or at least if they ran into each other at a bar there was no expectation there. Will usually let the other party lead it - polite if they said hi, happy to go along with feigning no knowledge of each other- the latter being the most common. He wondered whether Hannibal would be the type to ignore him, or whether he'd at least get a friendly nod. What did it matter?

Hannibal wasted no time in pushing Will down onto the bed. Will turned as he fell, bounced a little on the mattress and grinned up at Hannibal, who he could see was already half hard again. The look of hunger in Hannibal's eyes was delightful and Will stretched himself out and parted his legs a little as an invitation. Hannibal gratefully took it, crawling up between Will's legs and over him, taking his lips once more.

The kisses moved to his neck and Will groaned. Teeth grazing the area of his scent gland. He heard Hannibal take a deep breath in, making an appreciative noise at the scent he found there. Then nips and kisses down his neck, a tongue lavishing attention down his torso before finally settling on his boxers - mouthing at his cock through the thin material. Will groaned and arched up, wanting to fuck into Hannibal's mouth, but knowing there was a greater satisfaction to come.

He lifted his hips as Hannibal's hands swept over them and pulled down his boxers, drawing them off Will as he pulled back, throwing them over his shoulder. Hannibal sat back on his haunches then and admired the prone Will.

Will felt self conscious. He knew what he looked like, he'd had enough comments to know that he was admired - *beautiful… like an omega.* Will was not an omega, had no desire to be one, but his body was not that of a typical alpha. Hannibal's gaze was going on too long, Will felt very aware of his nakedness all of a sudden and started to draw the plush bed covers to him.

"No." Hannibal admonished, pushing back the covers and laying a hand on Will's chest - lightly stroking over the skin there. "Don't be self conscious Will. Society puts us into a tight little box and tells us not to spread from it, but the truth is we are all nuanced. We are subjected to this Alpha Toxicity that does a disservice to us all and makes us paranoid and conscious of those things in all of us that are not - what would be perceived as - completely alpha."

How the fuck was the man so eloquent with an erection? Will tried his best to respond thoughtfully, but the redirection of blood from his brain to his crotch left him only with -

"I can't imagine for one moment there is anything about you that isn't all alpha"

“Well, that is false, but I don’t want to give too much of myself away, I shouldn’t risk you learning the few interesting things about me - what would I tempt you back with?” Hannibal grinned as he moved back over Will.

Will wasn’t going to dwell on the words. Maybe Hannibal was being polite - Will wasn’t going to spoil the illusion by pointing out how unlikely it was that they would see each other again.

Hannibal reached over to the bedside drawer and pulled out a bottle of lube and packet of condoms. He sat with both in hand, but let Will take the lube from his hand. He rolled the condom on his once again fully hard cock whilst Will was undoing the lube bottle. Once open he squeezed some onto his fingers and reached his hand down - past his quivering cock. He grinned at the look of surprised lust on Hannibal’s face when he inserted first one, and the two fingers inside himself. If there was one thing he envied omegas for it was that they were built for this, so much fewer mechanics in the way of a hard fuck.

Hannibal went from surprised to awed as he sat back and watched Will finger himself open. Will could see that Hannibal had started slowly jerking off. A little more lube, another finger and a lustful grin from Will had Hannibal moving forward again as Will withdrew his fingers. He had just about nestled between Will’s legs, the look of awe still writ large on his face. Will moved quickly, taking hold of Hannibal and rolling them -easily done in the ridiculously large bed, no fear of falling off the side.

And then Will was on top of a, yet again, surprised looking Hannibal. The surprise quickly moving back to awe - something Will found pleasing if overwhelming and hadn’t really encountered before. He kissed Hannibal so that he didn’t have to look at him and feel the weight of that awe.

“Oh… Will…” A fondness in those words that now had Will surprised. He ignored them and the feeling. Went back to his intentions as he straddled Hannibal’s hips, positioned himself and sank down onto Hannibal’s cock.

They moaned in unison as he took in the cockhead and then stopped, allowing himself time to adjust. And then he moved again, slowly but surely taking Hannibal in. Once he was seated completely atop Hannibal he took a few breaths, feeling the pleasurable burn of being full, before he began to move again. Slowly at first, but as the movement allowed, faster until he was fucking himself on Hannibal’s cock.

Hannibal for his part, looked absolutely stunned. He tried now and then to fuck up into Will but appeared to be so unused to this experience that he kept missing the rhythm Will was setting. Will stilled him by leaning down and kissing him into distraction. When Hannibal finally relinquished all control to him, Will stretched himself out, arching up - drawing a moan from Hannibal. Finally, it was time to make better use of the man beneath him - his cock now throbbing at the angle he was now achieving, sending shocks of delightful pleasure through him. He took one of Hannibal’s hands and placed it on his cock. Hannibal got the message and took Will in hand, began to fist his cock as closely in time with Will’s thrusts as he could manage.

They were both slick with sweat, the moisture carrying with it Hannibal's scent, which was making Will almost dizzy with desire. He wished he might have more than one night with Hannibal - teach him how to fuck him like this so he could go even deeper, but there was no point dwelling on it. He was close now, Hannibal had found the rhythm with his cock in hand and each hard thrust burned through Will.

"Oh fuck…" He muttered. "Aah, so good… Oh fuck." the words fell from Will's lips, ending with "I wish you were in rut so you could knot me."

At those words Hannibal cried out and came, just moments before Will reached his climax

*

Hours later, Will was finally asleep. He looked as exhausted as Hannibal felt. And Hannibal had never felt more satisfied in his entire life. Had Will been an omega he'd have been half tempted to bond with him and keep him there forever - as ridiculously antiquated as that was. And as ridiculous a thought as that was! Hannibal had no real intentions of settling down, he wasn't sure he could cope with someone in his life full time, anymore than they'd be able to cope with him. He was not an easy person.

And yet, there was something pleasing about watching Will sleep. Naked but for the corner of the sheet that covered him. A sheen of sweat still on his skin - he ran a little hot it seemed. That beautiful body that he seemed so shy about. Understandably - he was slight for an alpha, though far from an omega - even if Hannibal was sure that was the type of comment Will had received in the past. Almost totally hairless, which was an aesthetic some alphas actually went for these days, even if through artificial means such as waxing. Perhaps it was Hannibal looking with the eye of an artist, but to him Will was exquisite - he looked as though he had been sculpted by one of the great masters. It was a beauty not often found, especially in alphas. Hannibal allowed himself to be wistful for a moment and consider this was exactly the type of beauty he could love, before putting that thought aside.

He considered that really he should sleep, but the whole evening continued to play through his head- not least Will's words the first time he came. Hannibal had never knotted another alpha. He'd heard, of course, that some alphas liked this, even straight ones. But again, it didn't appear to be a preference for the types of alpha he usually took home. He'd never even considered it, but now Will's words were in his head and damn he was getting hard again. Usually ruts were triggered by an omega in heat, though unmated alphas went through a rut a couple of times a year - their biology trying to prompt them to mate. Hannibal found himself mentally working out when his next rut would likely fall, being a lot less predictable than an omega's heat.

He shook the thought from his head. It would be months off yet, and he wasn't even sure if Will was interested in something serious. Perhaps he could see how things went in the morning. He wasn't scheduled back in work until Saturday - maybe he could get Will to spend the day with him, he could cook. If he got up early he could go to the grocers before Will even woke up and buy ingredients to make him something special.

Hannibal lay back on the bed smiling at the thought. As he started to drift further to sleep, he drifted closer to Will, eventually pressing up against him, spooning him. His mind whirred

with the possibilities of what they might do with the day as he simultaneously tried to ignore the fact that he was fast falling to his alpha courting instincts - provide, protect, revere.

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

> The morning after the night before and breakfast does not go smoothly- well what can you expect with two alphas?!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will woke to find the other side of the expansive bed cold and empty. He had a vague memory of being spooned in the night and admonished himself for remembering it with a contented smile. He looked at the clock on the bedside and saw that it was almost 8am. He cursed and jumped out of the bed, he never should have allowed himself to fall asleep. Usually he would leave immediately after cumming, but sex with Hannibal spilled across the entire evening - something that had never happened before. In the end he had decided he would wait until Hannibal fell asleep and then sneak out, go home. But he must have nodded off himself, completely spent as he was. Perhaps if he was quiet he could make it out without disturbing Hannibal, wherever he was.

That was easier said than done considering he wasn't quite sure where his clothes were. He quickly used the ensuite, splashed some water on his face and tried to get his bearings. He was pretty sure he'd been wearing his boxers when he got to the bedroom, but where they ended up he had no idea. The rest of the clothes he remembered were down in the study. He crept quietly from the bedroom and down the stairs, naked. Will managed to find his way to the study and found his jeans and tshirt. He slipped into the jeans and carried the tshirt with him as he began looking for his shoes, tracing his steps back towards the front door.

"Morning Will."

Damn, busted! Will cringed and pulled on a smile as he turned. "Oh hey. I… uh, was just looking for my shoes. Thought I'd better let you get on with your day."

Hannibal's face seemed to fall for the briefest of moments, before he corrected back to a smile. Will was pretty sure he didn't imagine that but he had no idea what to make of it.

"I have today off…" Hannibal offered, which may be explained why he hadn't already kicked Will out.

"Yeah, I'm sorry I intruded. I… don't usually stay over, I should have left last night. I guess I was pretty tired… sorry…" Will spoke haltingly - this is why he left during the night usually - to avoid the awkwardness. Especially when they woke up and remembered who they'd brought home and that could range anywhere from amusement to disgust. He couldn't quite work out where Doctor Lecter fell on that scale yet - he was strangely hard to read.

“No… I mean, you were welcome to stay. I guess we were pretty, um… active.” A twitch of his lips into a smile which Will tried to return. And then there were the few moments of awkward silence before Hannibal said. “I’m making breakfast… You’re of course welcome to stay.”

Hannibal’s eyes fell on Will, taking in his state of partial undress with an appreciative look. Will definitely didn’t imagine ,*that*. It made him wince outwardly, though he caught it - it wasn’t quite as bad as it might have been.

“That’s, uh, nice of you… but I really should go.”

“But, it’s no trouble…” Hannibal interjected, a nervous smile now as he stepped forward.

Will cleared his throat. He was never normally on this end of things. Not that he was ever interested in more than a fuck, but if he didn’t leave fast enough he was normally the one being kicked out. Well, the only thing for it was to be honest.

“Um, Hannibal, last night was nice. Well, no it was great.” He let out a low chuckle. “But, I don’t um, do this…” He swept his hand indicating the kitchen and whatever Hannibal had planned to happen next. Was he attracted to the doctor? Absolutely. On some level he even liked him, but that level was buried beneath his desire to not let anyone that close, and the fact that Lecter had been an asshole to him rested in the layer firmly above that.

“Oh… I… If you’re sure…” *Wow,* the note of disappointment there! It actually pissed Will off and he let out a hiss of a breath.

“Look, I don’t owe you anything. We’re even. You fucked *with* me, I *fucked* you.” Will let out angrily though he didn’t raise his voice - keeping it cool.

Hannibal’s expression, micro-expressions really, moved through hurt to annoyance and then resignation. “So… The lesson here is that I shouldn’t have been an asshole at the hospital.”

“You think?” Will threw back sarcastically. “You know doctor, behaviour has consequences. I thought you were pretty hot, and yeah I’m attracted to you, but… don’t you get how fucked up what you did was? You knew I was SSG-oriented and you used it to have a joke at my expense. I mean that’s pretty shitty - I’m not even going to touch unprofessional! And then you think that I’m, what? Going to sit here and have breakfast with you and play footsie under the table? That might work for your other fucks, but I’m betting you don’t treat them like idiots.”

Will was pulling on his tshirt as he spoke and then started towards the front door when he was done - still looking for his shoes along the way. After a slight hesitation Hannibal followed him.

“Will, I’m sorry… if that means anything…” For his part at least the doctor did look sorry. Will stopped and pinched the top of his nose, closed his eyes. His contacts were dry and he felt exhausted. This was getting to be a little bit too early in the morning and way too heavy for casual sex.

“Look, I don’t know what you want from me. You were a dick, we hooked up, I should have left last night. I don’t get what you can’t comprehend here? I’m pretty sure we were both looking for something casual, and if I’m honest, if I wasn’t so hard up I wouldn’t have come home with you at all. More fool me I guess, proving I am the sad fuck you took me for at the hospital.” Will was on the verge of leaving without bothering with his shoes at this point.

“That’s not…” Lecter’s voice was suddenly stern. “Yes, I made my amusement with you, but I never thought poorly of you. If anything, you intrigued me. I was delighted to see you at the bar last night, to have the chance to know you better-”

“-to fuck me.” Will corrected. “Doctor you really must get to grips with this concept - last night was not a date.”

“No. It wasn’t. That doesn’t mean that I’m not interested in seeing you again.”

Will laughed. A big, spontaneous and hearty laugh. Well, that was interesting. Did the Doctor really think he had a hope in hell? But his chuckle trailed off as he considered his situation. Even when Will was the best fuck of their lives alphas didn’t want to see him again - either he was too weird, or they had issues over being power bottomed by such an un-alpha alpha. Maybe Lecter was different that he felt this way…

Will chided himself and let out a seething breath. “I’m not so desperate that I’m going to take up with the first person who finds me remotely interesting.”

There was silence then. Hannibal stood there with a strange look of anger (at Will’s defiance?) and regret. Will didn’t meet his eyes, partly under the guise of still looking around him for his shoes. He wondered which of them would speak next, and hoped it was neither of them. Best case scenario now was finding his shoes and just leaving this entirely fucked up situation behind him.

At the same moment they sniffed the air and looked back at the kitchen. Hannibal took off at a fast pace back the way he had come and Will considered for a moment that this would be an ideal time to leave with as little fuss as possible. But he stopped himself. Regardless of anything else, he was a police officer and it just wasn’t in his nature to leave a potential emergency situation. He sighed and took a quick walk back to the kitchen.

Lecter was trying to lift a flaming pan off the stove top, presumably to relocate it to the sink. The air was thick with smoke that had Will choking out the words “Fucking hell!”

He moved to the counter top and picked up the tea towel there, ran it quickly under the faucet and then threw it onto the pan, dampening out the flames. Lecter, who had been holding it at arm’s length due to the heat, then unceremoniously dropped it into the sink.

“Well, breakfast hasn’t at all gone as I expected.” Hannibal said. His tone and expression perplexed. So deadpan that Will found it hilarious and laughed. Hannibal frowned at him. “That was an expensive pan.” Which only made Will laugh harder.

“What kind of idiot leaves something cooking away on the stove like that?” Will huffs through laughter - feeling a the buzz from danger averted.

“The kind who is trying to stop their house guest from running away.” Hannibal is still frowning, and it’s hilarious how seriously he is taking it all and Will just can’t help but find him slightly ridiculous and extremely far from intimidating.

“I wasn’t running away.” Will stated as he managed to get his laughter under control. “I was leaving after a casual hook up with a complete asshole. No one would blame me in any for this.” He couldn’t help the smile. He enjoyed watching Hannibal’s expression soften. The doctor then sighing and abandoning the pan in the sink.

Damn if this didn’t feel, what? Easy? Welcome almost. Will hadn’t actually sat down for breakfast, or any home cooked meal, with someone since his dad died. Not including the meals Mrs White sometimes dropped around. Hannibal was an asshole but that wasn’t all he was - he didn’t need to go to effort to make breakfast -he could have kicked Will out in the middle of the night. That was likely what Will would have done. And the sex had been great. Will knew he was going to have a difficult time not daydreaming about what it would feel like to be knotted by the doctor. Something he particularly enjoyed - a kink some would say.

He let out a resigned sort of sigh and sat down at the breakfast bar. “So what was breakfast anyway?” He asked, more to break the ice than anything.

Hannibal smiled as he watched Will sit, but then looked a little self-conscious at the question. He was, what Will believed to be unusually quiet for him, when he answered “Those were pancakes.” he pointed at the steaming pan in the sink. “To… to go with the… the strawberry jello I made.”

Will gave a confused smile and frown. “But I hate-”

“Yes, I know.” Hannibal interrupted. He moved the fridge and pulled out an ornate dish and placed it in front of Will. “It’s hospital food - I mean, I imagine you don’t like it because of the associations with being in hospital. I wanted to try and give it some good associations for you instead - basic psychology.” Hannibal spoke with confidence that he clearly did not feel in that moment.

And it was Will’s turn to feel like an asshole. He looked down at the plate - it contained at least a dozen fresh strawberries that appeared to have been hollowed out, filled with some kind of fancy gourmet jello and beautifully garnished. Who went to the trouble of hollowing out strawberries for someone?

“Shit.” Will found himself saying. And then oddly he continued- “yeah, I was in a bad way when I was in hospital before, it was a long recover. Not very good memories.”

“I had to read the medical report before operating, given the prior injury to the shoulder…” Hannibal started, his tone unexpectedly compassionate.

“I was completely fucked.” Will voiced what they were both thinking. He found himself, bizarrely, opening up to the doctor “It wasn’t just physical either. They… it happened because they didn’t send backup… I felt…”

“Abandoned?”

Will nodded. The words coming out bitter. “Though of course, that’s impossible, because an alpha can never really be abandoned, because they don’t need anyone else. The concept is…”

“Toxic.” Hannibal finished. He picked up the plate and angled it towards Will.

Will hesitated for a second before picking up a strawberry and popping it whole in his mouth. The groan he let out was almost obscene. “Oh my god. This isn’t food… this is… I… How do you, how is food like this possible. Did you make this?”

Hannibal’s smile was part pride and part... something else - an automatic apprehension. “Cooking is not something alphas can usually admit to. Yes, I made it. I suppose no alpha fits completely the mould. You and I both, are not the expected alpha - our omega traits betray us.”

Will felt a warm smile spread across his face, soon reflected in Hannibal’s.

*

Hannibal had never been so happy to have had a near disaster in the kitchen, for the fact that it had stopped Will from leaving. And, in reality, he couldn’t blame Will for wanting to leave. Hannibal knew his behaviour had been awful, but he had not really considered how it might effect Will and how he might react.

After breakfast, amazingly, Will had stayed. They spent the day together in a sort of comfortable companionship Hannibal had never had before. The rest of the morning they had mostly spent in the kitchen, cleaning up, making more food. Hannibal was pleased to have impressed Will with his cooking talents - something he often felt self-conscious about as it was considered such an omega trait. But every new culinary experience from Hannibal’s larder had drawn groans of pleasure.

Hannibal was at a loss to explain why or how, but at some point in the kitchen, things had become almost domestic. Sort of romantic. He was unsure who initiated it, but marveled at the fact that they had spent some of the morning feeding each other bites of food, stealing kisses between mouthfuls, talking to each other. He had relayed stories about Lithuania, Will had told him of his rejection letter for promotion. It was a level of intimacy that Hannibal had never had before and discovered that he desired it now with Will Graham.

In the afternoon Will had fallen asleep in the study, waking a couple of hours later with apologies and more kisses. And then more. The rest of the afternoon and early evening then spent in the bedroom. By the time evening rolled around Will insisted that he really should go as Hannibal had an early shift the next day. He wasn’t entirely sure where they stood with each other. It was too soon to presume them a couple, but it had clearly moved beyond a one night stand. Hannibal decided not to overthink it, let Will set the pace - something he was sure Will needed.

And yet he found he could not entirely predict Will Graham, still being caught off guard when they kissed goodbye on his doorstep and Will leaned in and whispered in his ear-

“Make sure you check your diary, I wasn’t kidding about seeing you when you’re in rut.” A wicked grin as he left Hannibal standing there rock hard and weak-kneed.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks so much for reading all! I really do appreciate the kudos and comments! I will be writing more of these boys in future when time allows :D

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!